

Tips

—On Buying and Selling Real Estate

Tired of town? Why not get to the country with its health and freedom. Or have years of toil on the farm placed you in a position to retire and enjoy some of the things that the good growing years have to hand out in the active city? To buy or sell real estate there is nothing like our little Want Ads. They go everywhere. And you always get the money-making pick of everything—quietly and without any fuss or publicity. Form a habit by starting now to—

Read and Answer
Today's Want Ads.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Grocery and meat market, doing big business. Address Grocery, care of The Bulletin.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Conant & Kenna building at Thirty-fourth and Commercial—suitable for saloon. Rent reasonable. D. F. McCarty.

FOR RENT—December 1—building 402 Commercial avenue. B. H. Wing.

FOR RENT—634 Thirty-third street, opposite park, modern six room house. Apply next door.

FOR RENT—Rooms, \$2.50 per week. 1505 Poplar street.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; modern conveniences. 318 Sixth street.

NEW STORE ROOM for rent, 1310 Washington avenue. Apply 1106 Washington avenue.

FOR RENT—Four room cottage. Inquire 2304 Holbrook.

FOR RENT—5 rooms with bath, first floor, 429 Eleventh. Family without children preferred.

FOR RENT—Two story seven room house, No 428 Tenth street. Linoleum on floor and other furnishings for sale. Wanted neat white housekeeper. Apply to L. H. Myers, 424 Tenth street. Phone Home 382.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; modern conveniences. 318 Sixth street.

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Stocks, Bonds, Cereals

IN PLACE OF THE EXTREME PESSIMISM WHICH HAD EXISTED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS PAST, A MORE HOPEFUL AND CONFIDENT FEELING HAS DEVELOPED—PUBLICITY AND OTHER REFORMS ARE NECESSARY IN MANAGEMENT OF THE GREAT CORPORATIONS—HENRY CLEWS SAYS THE PRESENT MONETARY OUTLOOK IS ASSURING—BUT OUR FOREIGN TRADE CONTINUES ON AN EXCEEDINGLY UNSATISFACTORY BASIS

Special.

New York, Feb. 19, 1910.

The improvement looked for in our previous articles made itself apparent more promptly than expected. In place of the extreme pessimism and uneasiness which had existed for several weeks, a more hopeful and confident feeling developed. Stocks are resting on a level below the normal in view of existing conditions and now find firmer support than previously. In consequence the bear interest curtailed their operations, and more or less good buying ensued. The uneasiness attending the political situation appears to have about run its course; especially since the discovery that no funds have been provided to carry out the publicity features of the Corporation Tax. It is now recognized that most of the reforms for which President Taft stands cannot work injury in the long run. His attitude regarding reasonable publicity for large corporations is sound, and should be supported. There is no more reason why the great industrial corporations should not give certain details regarding their affairs than the railroads. Publicity regarding their affairs is one of the chief safeguards against abuse of the great powers which they possess. Remove the mystery concerning these large organizations and much of the public distrust of them would immediately vanish. Publicity, by promoting the confidence of investors and disarming popular clamor, would do more toward conserving the legitimate interests of stockholders than any other single act.

Necessary Reforms. Publicity, however, is only one of other reforms necessary in the management of our great corporation, and it is folly to assume that carrying them out is going to work any injury to the stock market. It is quite probable that the introduction of reforms may interfere with the plans of certain individuals, causing temporary unsettlement of values; but in the long run it is going to be highly beneficial to have our great business institutions conducted upon lines that are unquestionable, whether from the ethical, legal or the economic standpoint. For this reason it is hardly prudent to anticipate any serious disaster from the forthcoming decisions of the supreme court. There is no doubt but that the men who form that august body are better exponents of the law and better judges of public welfare than the managers of some of our large industrial corporations, who have often exploited their newly gained powers for purely selfish ends. The country and investors generally will profit if such operations are made increasingly difficult. There is still some fear regarding the forthcoming decisions of the supreme court on the Tobacco, Standard Oil and Union Pacific cases; but it would create no surprise if, even should these be unfavorable, their effect will have been more than discounted. In each instance these organizations will continue to perform their functions as before, to the benefit of capital and labor alike, and whatever disturbance may occur owing to disruption of organization, it will be purely temporary.

Monetary Outlook. The monetary outlook is assuring. Funds are abundant and comparatively easy rates of interest are practical. It is assured for several months to come. It must be remembered also that money is now more efficient and will go further than three months ago because of the heavy shrinkage in values. General business has shown a slight slackening down in activity, the recent decline in the stock market having induced a much more conservative feeling in business circles—something very desirable in view of the ultra-optimism with which the new year opened. In all probability with the approach of spring there will be a decided quickening in all departments of commercial and industrial

activity. The winter has been somewhat severe, naturally interfering with many lines of business. Two other factors which have induced conservatism have been the high prices of merchandise and fears of labor troubles. Retailers are showing a natural disposition not to stock up with high priced goods and are conducting their operations on a hand-to-mouth policy. With the prospects of demands for higher wages, contractors and others are indisposed to enter future engagements. These are problems, however, which should settle themselves in time. In some cases labor has been satisfied with moderate advances, thus avoiding the possibilities of serious friction. The question of high merchandise prices, however, is still a vexed one. In January there was a moderate recession in merchandise values. "Broadstreet's" figures showing a drop of 1.7 per cent, due partly to the popular agitation against high costs of food and partly to the break in cotton. The true remedy for present high prices is a general increase of production, especially of food products and raw materials, of which the supplies generally are moderate, if not actually deficient. This country is pre-eminently in need of a great increase in agricultural products. Our farmers do not begin to turn out the product per acre that is done in Europe. In many cases their products could be doubled up on the present area by better and more scientific methods of agriculture. This is the only solution for the present problem of cheaper food. In all probability it will solve itself by natural means. The great profits which farmers are now making will immensely stimulate agricultural activity. Doubtless it will attract to the agricultural classes a higher order of intelligence and result in the one necessary thing of increasing the product per acre. By this method the farmer will not only maintain his present profits, but will in the same time considerably enlarge them; meanwhile giving the consumer the benefit of a larger and cheaper supply of food. Should the weather prove favorable during the coming season there is every reason to look for a large harvest; the one thing above everything else which the country needs to maintain the present course of prosperity.

Foreign Trade. Our foreign trade continues upon an exceedingly unsatisfactory basis. The imports in January were \$12,000,000, the largest for the month on record. The exports for the same period were only \$14,400,000, the smallest since 1905. The result was an excess of exports of only \$10,000,000 in January compared with \$53,000,000 a year ago and \$121,000,000 in 1908. This is a very disappointing result. It means that we are piling up indebtedness abroad which can only be discharged either by shipping gold or securities, unless Europe will consent to carrying the indebtedness until a more convenient time of settlement. We can, of course, easily spare more gold, but it should be noted that the outward movement of the precious metal has been going on for many months without any intermission or the usual influx which is expected in the winter season. The prospect of Europe taking our securities has been improved by the recent decline in values as well as by the better financial situation abroad, hence foreign buying of our better grade of stocks has recently been quite important. We have also plenty of desirable bonds to offer European buyers which have not yet been openly placed on the market. In the absence of any disturbing issues and with the approach of spring and summer we anticipate a gradual rise in security values, accompanied, of course, by frequent recessions. The undertone, however, is good; the situation is sound and there is nothing in sight to prevent a gradual upward trend.

HENRY CLEWS.

How to Get a Coonskin Coat.

Coonskin overcoats are within the reach of Minnesotans who will spend a few days in the woods with a coal oil barrel and some parsnips, according to J. L. Ferguson, a trapper who lives in the vicinity of Cass Lake.

"If you'll go to a timbered district," he said, "sink a coal oil barrel two-thirds of its length in the ground, suspend a parsnip over it about a foot from the top and leave it over night, you should catch at least one coon, and possibly three. The head of the barrel must be removed and there must still be traces of coal oil in the inside, so the staves will be slick. The coon will be attracted by the smell of the parsnip (there is nothing a coon likes better); he will climb the outside of the barrel and in trying to stand on the rim and reach the suspended parsnip will fall in. There is no possibility of his climbing out."

Taken at His Word. He—Pm—tick and tired of being sick and all day by the shop all day. I've got some money saved and I'm going to be independent in business for myself.

She—Now I like the stand you've got. Harry? It certainly shows your affairs in striking order for yourself. As for your proposal, I accept. When we are to be married?—Stray Stories.

Plague/Bothers Engineers. The "red water plague" is a matter which is receiving attention from engineers in different parts of the country.

Forewarned. Wasson—I suppose you've noticed I've bought a watchdog? Masson—Yes, and let me give you a tip. You'd better begin to study up all the antidotes for poison.

The Next Best. "Hubby, I haven't had a new dress for a month." "Times are slow with me, dear. Better go in for literature and pretend to be superior to the fashions."

On the Nile. "I notice the same characters carved on all the Pyramids." "Maybe it's the name of the firm that furnished the stonework."

Too Conscientious by Half. "Oh, don't be in such a hurry!" "Well, you see, I faithfully promised George I would meet him at the hotel at 3 o'clock."

Loyalty acts first and talks about it afterward.

One on the Dominie. Vicar—I was grieved and horrified Giles, to see you walk out of church in the middle of the sermon yesterday.

Giles—Yes, I be agoin' to see the doctor about it, zur.

Vicar—About what?

Giles—About this 'ere walkin' in my sleep, zur!

Nerve. "I never could shave myself. I never had the nerve."

"That's so. People who shave themselves do seem to have a peculiar sort of nerve. There's Brassey, for instance. I've known him to go into a barber shop and ask for the loan of a razor."

Aroused Her Suspicion. Mabel—Why in tears? Doesn't the ring please you?

Helen—Oh, it is beautiful, but I fear that the stone is imitation.

"Why?"

THE FLOWER SHOW.

Alicia Sayes was troubled. What troubled her was her own secret and was not suspected by anyone. Indeed, it was not suspected at all that she was troubled. Why should she be? She owned the finest farm in the county, was a college graduate and comely. True, she was an orphan, but as far back as she could remember she had always been an orphan. Her home was with an uncle and an aunt.

What troubled her was this: She had nearly passed what might be considered the best age for women to marry—she was 27—and was not married. Had it not been for her property she might have been married long ago. Nevertheless, Alicia was a country girl. If she married she would marry a farmer.

On her return from college she did not think of marriage. She had resources within herself which were greatly broadened by her education. For a time she read books on the lines marked out for her in college and was satisfied. But one morning she awoke to the fact that she was drifting into perpetual spinsterhood. The prospect did not please her. She thought over the bachelors of her acquaintance and after some deliberation settled on Silas Blakely, a young farmer with little on his farm except a mortgage. On him she resolved to bestow her hand.

She did not know that Blakely would care to marry her, though she rather thought he would. But, considering she was well to do and he was poor, she knew he would not have the assurance to propose to her. She must propose to him. How should she propose?

One evening Alicia saw Blakely coming up the road, driving the stock from pasture. Hurrying into the garden she gathered a bouquet and said to it:

"I take you, beautiful flowers, with your pink and blue and crimson and white complexions, to be my wedded husband."

Then, calling to her aunt, she told her to take them to the well and throw them in as soon as Blakely came opposite, making sure he saw her doing so. The aunt took the bouquet, went to the well and when the young farmer passed acted as she had been told.

"Why do you throw those beautiful flowers away?" called Silas.

"They are my husband," said Alicia from the porch. "I'm a widow."

"What do you mean by that?" "Have you ever heard of the proverb, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard—consider her days and be wise'?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you wish to know the meaning of my being married to the flowers, go to your books and if you hunt patiently you will find out."

With this she went into the house. Blakely hurried on to overtake the stock which had passed during the brief dialogue, but he knew not of horses or cows; the strange episode had got into his head, and he was filled with wonder as to what it meant. While Alicia had been telling him that she was a widow she had looked upon him kindly, and her voice, which was sweet, still sounded pleasantly in his ears.

Now, Silas Blakely was no fool. His education was good for a countryman, but he neither had the books nor the inclination to hunt through them for any interpretation of such an insane proceeding. One of his schoolmates, however, had gone to college and had become a professor. To him Blakely wrote an account of the episode, asking for an interpretation.

Alicia possibly wished to test Silas' common sense.

It was a long while before he received the interpretation to the riddle, but when it came he opened his eyes and his heart started up at a gait of a hundred beats to the minute. The same evening, getting off his farm clothes and into a very respectable outfit in which, by the way, he looked very well, he went to call on Alicia:

"I have come," he said, "to offer all I have—that is, my farm with a mortgage on it—for the flower widow."

"And how," she asked, blushing and smiling, "did you learn what is meant by a flower widow?"

Blakely told her of his application and showed her the reply, which was as follows:

"In India a man often remains unmarried longer than he would desire simply because he cannot afford to pay the sum the father of a desirable daughter demands of his would-be son-in-law. Widows, however, are cheap, and a wily father who finds his daughter is getting on in years while suitors tarry takes advantage of this fact. He marries his girl to a bunch of flowers, which he then throws into a well. Thus the lady becomes technically a widow, and as such she is a bargain in the marriage market. Thus the flower widow is secured as a wife by a suitor who would not have dared offer a small sum for her before her so-called marriage."

Alicia found in Silas Blakely the man she desired for a husband. He not only lifted the mortgage from his farm, but managed hers for her so that both prospered. Through her life Alicia was devoted to her husband and her children, and when the former died no flowers were thrown in the well. She remained a real widow.—F. A. Mitchell.

High Kicker. Willie—Papa, there's a big black bug on the ceiling.

Papa (busy reading)—Well, step on it and don't bother me.—Boston Transcript.

Golden Silence. Tom—"Say, did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"

Jack—"Yes, but the spot was only quiet while I was kissing it."—Boston Transcript.

HIS FIRST LOVE CASE.

Myron Woodworth was an attorney just passing middle age. He was known as the lawyer who had never lost a case. Whether this was because he would not take a case that he was not sure of or was so resourceful that his opponents could never defeat him does not appear. The fact remains that until the Yardley case was tried no judge or jury had ever brought a final decision or verdict against him. Upon that case hangs a tale.

Mrs. Yardley died, leaving some \$10,000 to a sister, Mrs. Hunt, who had nursed her in her last illness, cutting off her own daughter, Julia Scott, a young married woman living in a different place. Mrs. Scott undertook to break the will on the ground that her aunt had influenced her mother while under the effect of opiates to leave her property to the aunt. No one doubted up to the last moment that Woodworth would win, for he has established every point needed to establish his plea.

The defendant's counsel called for Margaret Hunt, and the name was repeated by the clerk with no more reverence than he would have spoken the name of a habitual criminal. There was a rustle of woman's dress, and a young girl—she was the daughter of the defendant—passed to the witness stand. Her very appearance begot an unconscious deference in every man in the courtroom.

Woodworth at the moment of her entrance was chatting with a fellow attorney. When he turned his eyes to the witness he rested upon a vision of loveliness. Not only he, but judge, jury—indeed, every one in the court—fell under the spell of her presence. In a voice low and sweet she responded to the questions put to her by the defendant's counsel, who elicited from her testimony which if not shaken might yet turn the case against the plaintiff. But those who know Woodworth did not fear. It was upon cross-examination that he was especially strong. Indeed, as he listened to her evidence he saw a weak point that destroyed its value. She had repeated a conversation she had heard between her mother and the testator in which the former urged the latter to leave her property to her daughter, Julia Scott. But the witness had said that she was not in the room and did not see those who were talking.

When Woodworth took the witness for cross-examination and stood framing his first question a slight tremor passed over the girl, and she cast a quick glance at the judge as if to beseech protection. Then she turned her eyes back on the lawyer, bit her lip as if to gain courage and submitted herself to be tormented. She did not doubt for a moment that Woodworth would prove her a perjurer.

"Miss Hunt," he said, "how far was the room in which you were when you overheard the conversation you have mentioned from the room in which the conversation occurred?"

A trouble look passed over the face of the witness, and she did not answer the question.

The husband of the testator had been a physician, and his house—the house in which the conversation occurred—was fitted with a speaking tube between the front door and the doctor's bedroom. His window occupied the bedroom to which the tube led, Miss Hunt, standing at the front door directly before the lower tube mouth awaiting admittance, had heard the conversation through the tube. Woodworth knew this and was prepared to make the statement appear improbable. He might force her to admit that she was not in the house at all, then deny her a chance to tell how she had overheard the conversation.

He stood looking at the girl, who looked at him with all the gentle reproachfulness of a fawn regarding a hunter about to plunge a knife into its throat. Then her eyes filled.

Woodworth's case was lost. All he had to do to win it was to draw out the girl's testimony so as to make it appear to the jury a weak invention. He knew in fact, as well as by her guiltless bearing that she spoke the truth. At the moment of triumph he gave up victory gave up his client's case which he was in duty bound to win.

"Let me see," he said, looking down at some notes he had made on a bit of paper. "Perhaps I can get at it in another way."

The other way did not lead to the speaking tube or to anything that would compromise the witness. After asking a number of irrelevant questions he released her from further examination.

Everyone wondered. The jury brought in a verdict for the defendant.

Woodworth went from the courtroom to his office, where he wrote a note to his client informing her that the case had been lost through his own fault and inclosing his check for \$10,000.

But if the attorney lost the man hoped to gain. Every man has an ideal for his wife. It is seldom that the ideal is realized, but when Woodworth saw Margaret Hunt in the witness stand he recognized something more than he had ever pictured in his imagination. He sought her out and eventually married her. He says that if he lost the case in which she was a witness and \$10,000 he won a blessing that no success could equal. Besides he has made up the pecuniary loss many times over.—Evelyn D. Witworth.

Golden Silence. Tom—"Say, did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"

Jack—"Yes, but the spot was only quiet while I was kissing it."—Boston Transcript.

SCIENCE PREVENTS BALDNESS.

The Fatal Germ and Its Remedy Now Facts of Science.

It is the rarest thing in the world for a man to be necessarily bald. No man whose hair is not dead at the roots, need be bald if he will use Newbro's Herpicide, the new scalp antiseptic. Herpicide destroys the germ that cuts the hair off at the root; and cleans the scalp of dandruff and leaves it in a perfectly healthy condition. Mr. Mansett, in the Maryland Block, Putte, a month Herpicide had removed the enemies of hair growth, and nature did its work by covering his head with thick hair as much long, and in six weeks he had a normal suit of hair. Sold by leading druggists. Send for a sample for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

One dollar bottle guaranteed. Paul G. Schach & Sons, special agents.

Childhood's Protest. "There's one thing I don't understand